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THE PATH.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED

TO

THE BROTHERHOOD OF HUMANITY, THEOSOPHY IN AMERICA, AND THE STUDY OF OCCULT SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, AND ARYAN LITERATURE.

VOL. VI.—1891-'92.

PUBLISHED AND EDITED AT NEW YORK
BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,
1892.

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THE PATH.

VOL. VI, 1891–1892.

INDEX.

A

About Killing Animals 397
A Catechism of Brahmanism 389
Affirmations and Denials 386
Annual Convention 58
Annual Convention, American Section 417
Annual Convention of 1891 32
Another View of Metaphysical Healing 341
Are we Deserted? 141
Aryan Theosophical Headquarters 416
Attitude to Karmic Law 45
A Vision 237

B

Basis of the Manifestation of Law 33
Bhakti—Devoted Faith 18
Blavatsky, Helena Petrovna—Obituary Notice 96
Brotherhood of the New Life 346

C

Calling Araminta Back 102, 143
Catechism of Brahmanism 347
Correspondence 28, 50, 152, 185

D

Death 252
Dogmatism in Theosophy 297

E

Extracts from Col. Olcott's London Addresses 184

F

First Object of the Theosophical Society 272
Five Years Finished 1
Forgotten Article of the Apostles' Creed 245

G

General Headquarters 231

H

Hidden Hints in the "Secret Doctrine" 38, 77, 178, 216, 311, 338
Historical Parallel 149
Hour in the Sanctum 299
H. P. B. 65
Hypocrisy or Ignorance 268

I

If Methuselah Existed, Why so Short our Lives? 47
Important Notice 296
Invisible Wings 6
Ireland 331

Is Poverty Bad Karma?... 101
Is Self-Annihilation the End and Aim of Life?..... 44
Is Theosophy a Pessimistic Philosophy?... 5

K

Karma 15
Karma and Free Will..... 97, 213
Karma in the Desatir..... 221
Karma?, Is Poverty Bad..... 101

L

Lessons on the Stanzas of the "Secret Doctrine"..... 313, 353
List of American Branches..... 408
Loss of the Soul 2, 71, 182
Love 180
Literary Notes:
A, B, C, of Theosophy..... 286
1875 to 1891, A Fragment of Autobiography..... 256
Arena 318, 357
A Short Glossary..... 225
Black and White..... 285
Boston Budget..... 255
Casartelli's Philosophy of the Mazdayasnian Religion 24
Dreams of the Dead..... 399
Dr. J. D. Buck's Articles 194
Dr. J. R. Buchanan's attacks on H. P. B..... 192
Dr. Julia Ford's Article..... 194
Dr. Zell and the Princess Charlotte 358
Esoteric Basis of Christianity..... 126
Estudios Teosophicos..... 319
Gen. Lippitt's Article in "American Law Review"..... 86
Indianapolis Letters on Theosophy..... 256
Intimations of Eternal Life..... 161
Karma and its Twin Doctrine Reincarnation 355
Legends and Tales by Mrs. A. Besant 161
Letters that have Helped Me 226, 287
London "Time" Article by Mrs. Besant (Mare's Nest of the S. P. R.).... 25
Lucifer... .23, 52, 85, 122, 124, 125, 191, 223, 226, 256, 317, 355, 358, 398, 399
Man, his Origin and Evolution..... 357
Memorial Volume to H. P. B 225, 319
Mental Suggestion 225
On the Heights of Himalay..... 22
Pauses 254, 286, 318
Poems by Albert E. S. Smythe..... 123
Power through Repose..... 52
Review of Reviews 125, 285
Sardia 51
The Buddhist 319
The History of the Parsees 24
The Imitation of Buddha 318
The Light of the World..... 25
The Mystic Quest..... 316
The New Californian..... 161, 194, 225, 255, 287, 318, 359

These pp. 417 and 418 belong to the end of the Volume.

Theosophists outside of New York may well feel pleased to lighten it somewhat, and any contributions will have cordial thanks. And as America aided both India and Europe in paying for their Headquarters, there is now an opportunity for those distant Sections to reciprocate in kind. Much furniture needs to be bought and certain alterations in the house are necessary, so that the cost is by no means confined to purchase. In a little over two months the Gen. Sec'y hopes to open his doors to a succession of visitors bearing Theosophic greetings from the American States, from Europe, Asia, everywhere, in fact, and is sure that all will rejoice with him over having at last found a worthy HOME. After that date all letters are to be addressed to 144 Madison Ave., New York City.

TRACT MAILING SCHEME—PROPAGANDA.

For some months past the Press Scheme has been growing in importance and value, more and more periodicals opening their columns to articles, and the resources of the T. M. S. have been increasingly applied in this direction as the more efficacious. The Plate Scheme has still further expanded this invaluable means to reach the public. The General Secretary has now determined to advance to the new level, to re-organize this department of work under the title of THE PROPAGANDA, to devote its main energy to newspaper articles, and to confine Tract-mailing to a few special localities and to hours otherwise unoccupied by his own staff. THE PROPAGANDA will mean a systematic effort to spread the truths of Theosophy over the land, and it will accomplish it just as F. T. S. provide the means. Every day is now of moment, and no words of urgency can be too strong to impress the zeal with which Theosophists should utilize the years still left us of the cycle. The General Secretary asks that each Member of the Society will do something to make THE PROPAGANDA what he purposes it, —a continuous, vigorous agency in disseminating Theosophy. It is limited only by its funds. But for the self-denial of a few, the work would have already ceased. They have not the means to maintain it, and it must reject opportunities unless other Theosophists aid. Will not *each* thus aid, and so from the very first make this new department a success?

ANNUAL CONVENTION, AMERICAN SECTION.

The undersigned officially notifies the Branches and members of the American Section that the Annual Convention will meet on Sunday and Monday, April 24th and 25th prox., in the Assembly Room of the Palmer House, Chicago, Ill. Detailed notice will be sent to Secretaries.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,
General Secretary.

NOTICES.

I.

LUCIFERS WANTED.

The number of *Lucifer* for September, 1891, being unfortunately out of print, the PATH office is anxious to secure a few copies for disappointed subscribers who desire to complete their sets. A copy of any other current number will therefore be given in exchange, or 50 cts. will be paid for any sent in.

II.

As 3 or 4 of the back numbers of the PATH are now out of print, the few complete sets of the first five volumes bound in cloth yet remaining are offered to Branch Libraries at $12.00 per set, expressage extra.

III.

Branch Paper No. 24, *Earth an Academy*, read before the "H. P. B." T. S. by Alexander Fullerton, was mailed to the Secretaries on Feb. 2d. Forum No. 32 and O. D. Paper No. 10 were sent to members during the 3d week in February. Branch Paper No. 25, *The Founding of the Theosophical Society—Its Motive and Method*, read before the Cincinnati T. S. by Dr. J. D. Buck, was mailed to the Secretaries about the same time.

IV.

The price of H. P. B's *Theosophical Glossary* was by error announced as $4.00: it will be $3.50.

V.

Persons using the Circulating Theosophical Library are invited to write in their Catalogues the following additional books: No. 194, *Karma*, Sinnett; No. 195, *The Occult World*, Sinnett; No. 196, *Source of Measures*, Skinner; No. 197, *The Mystic Quest*, Kingsland; No. 198, *Death and Afterwards*, Edwin Arnold; No. 199. *The Virgin of the World*, Maitland; No. 200, *Primitive Symbolism*, Westropp; No. 201, *Buddhist Birth Stories*, Davids; No. 202, *The Indian Religions*, Jennings; No. 203, *Indian Idylls*, Edwin Arnold; No. 204, *Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*, Dutt; No. 205, *Enigmas of Life*, Greg; No. 206, *Diseases of Memory*, Ribot; No. 207, *The Gnostics and their Remains*, King; No. 208, *Dreams of the Dead*, Stanton.

At morning, noon, and night successively, store up good works.—*Foshohingtsanking v. 2039.*

OM.

The Origin of the Aryans 24
The Pacific Magazine 162
The Pacific Theosophist 286, 318
Theosophical Sittings ... 22, 123, 161, 162, 192, 224, 254, 285, 317, 356, 398, 400
Theosophist 23, 85, 123, 161, 192, 224, 255, 317, 357, 399
Theosophy and Ethics 318
Theosophy and Religion 318
Theosophy made Easy 318
The 7 Principles of Man 398
The Spirit World 286
Town Topics (S. P. R. Scandal) 193, 255
Twentieth Century 316
Two Open Letters to Pupils of the Christ School of Wisdom 257
Vahan 124, 193, 227, 257, 286, 357, 400
What is Theosophy? 355
W. J. Colville's Lecture on H. P. B 126
Womanhood and the Bible 285

M

Mediumship and Abnormal Psychism 329
Men Karmic Agents 392
Metaphysical Healing, Of 304
Methods of Theosophical Work 159
Mirror of the Movement 29, 53, 86, 127, 162, 194, 227, 257, 287, 322, 361, 410
Monument 205
Mrs. Annie Besant 15

N

Natural Law of Altruism 240
Notices 32, 64, 95, 136, 168, 200, 232, 264, 296, 328, 368, 418

O

Obituary Notice—Helena Petrovna Blavatsky 96
Of Metaphysical Healing 304
Olcott's London Addresses, Extracts from Col 184
One of Many 175
One Woman's Vision 40
Oriental Department 199

P

Parable of Reincarnation 302
Plagues of our Public Meetings 275
Poetry: The Master of Compassion 18
Portrait of Mrs. Annie Besant 13
Professor Dean's Consultations 332, 370

Q

Quotations:

Anugita 169
Bhagavad Gita 65
Catechism of Brahmanism 329
Chandogya Upanishad 137
Fo-sho-hing-tsan-king 297, 418
H. P. B 96, 98, 265
Jesus 33
Jemshid in the Desatir 369

Nidhikanda-Sutta 297
Palm Leaf 168
Sage of Rajagriha 200, 264, 368
Sanatsugatiya 201, 233
Sanscrit Verse 64
St. John 33
The Sadhu's Book 328
Tibetan Palm Leaf 296
Tibetan Verse 32, 136
Upanishad 232
Vishishtadwaita Philosophy 33
Voice of the Silence 1

R

Reincarnation 68
Reincarnation a Physical Necessity 377
Reincarnation, Argument for 152
Reincarnation, Parable of 302
Resignation of Presidency by Col. Olcott 406

S

"Secret Doctrine", Lessons on the Stanzas of the 313, 353
Self-Annihilation the End and Aim of Life?, Is 44
Six Years Gone 369
Sixteenth Annual Convention 403
Solidarity of the Theosophical Society 113
Some Hindu Legends 382
Spirit Materializations 109
Synthesis of Occult Science 242, 350, 379

T

Talk about Theosophy 307
Tea Table Talk 26, 48, 80, 117, 155, 187, 217, 248, 282, 319, 359, 400
Tests of Character 83
The Allegory of the Cup 169
The Criterion of Morality, or Basis of Brotherhood 201
The Echoes that Remain 75
The Future and the Theosophical Society 394
The Ideal and the Practical 233, 265
The Impudence of Modern Philosophers 283
The Master of Compassion (*Poetry*) 18
The Upanishads 278
The Vision of Horil 270
Theosophical Education 137
Theosophical Society 78
Theosophy a Pessimistic Pbilosophy?, Is 5
Theosophy, Dogmatism in 297
Tract-Mailing Scheme 95, 264, 417

V

Visit of the President-Founder 263

W

What Ye Give Ye Shall Have 20
Why Races Die Out 211
Work in the Leagues 198

AUM

Search for the Paths. But, O Lanoo, be of clean heart before thou startest on thy journey. Before thou takest thy first step learn to discern the real from the false, the ever-fleeting from the everlasting. Learn, above all, to separate Head-learning from Soul-wisdom, the "Eye" from the "Heart" Doctrine.—*Voice of the Silence, II.*

THE PATH.

VOL. VI. APRIL, 1891. No. 1.

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Where any article, or statement, has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned, the Editor will be accountable.

FIVE YEARS FINISHED.

About eighteen hundred and twenty-five days have slipped away since the PATH was started, and now we enter upon the sixth year without any prospect of having to abandon the work. If asked whether we feel satisfaction regarding the five years finished last month, the reply must be that it is too soon to look for satisfaction. A great many persons have praised and blamed the magazine and its editor; he himself never had any great concern with what people think about it, but an effort has always been made to present what we feel is true, free from bias or desire for gain. In the course of a few centuries and in other lives, it will be possible to find out just what influence the PATH has exerted. Just now we must content ourselves with offering thanks to those who with pen or money have assisted this most obscure journal, and to direct their attention to the new American theosophical year, which, beginning in April with the PATH's, has so much of promise and potency for the future. Let us grasp the thread once more!

Loss of the Soul.

(*Continued from March No.*)

Students are often puzzled and greatly exercised over the question as to how occult power comes with a knowledge of the laws of occultism. Theoretical knowledge of spiritual things, no matter how correctly and completely given out, is altogether barren in most minds, for the reason that they see no connection between the spiritual truth and its practical application and effect on the physical plane. Many have formally accepted the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood, but how that principle can really work toward the unfolding of their own higher principles and powers, except as this unfolding is a direct reward conveyed to them by the interposition of a Mahatma, they seldom see. Most persons can see in the spirit of altruism a sufficient basis of ethics, and yet fail to see in this same altruistic spirit the occult law that leads to very high powers when honestly held and intelligently apprehended. Many members of the T. S. seem to think that they are held to the practice of altruism, while advancement in occult knowledge is indefinitely, if not unnecessarily, postponed. Expectancy thus leads often to disappointment, and finally to apostacy—not to the Society, or to its Great Teacher, but to their own Higher Self. Volumes have been written just at this point, aiming to show that if the *motive* be sincere and unselfish, and if all ulterior aims are lost sight of, the reward comes with the motive. The *Bhagvad-Gita* makes this very clear in what it says regarding devotion to the supreme spirit, and the relinquishing of the reward of action; and this as the final destruction of Karma.

This same principle is involved in the problem now under discussion. Just as the mystical *Aum* is the potential epitome of all forces and activities in man—the rhythm and the melody, the singer and the song—even so with this divine spirit of altruism; it is potential on all planes, and by no means confined to the ethical. It involves power no less than conduct; wisdom no less than beneficence.

Let us look upon man as an expanded germ, the "*dark nucleole*" being still, as in the original germ, the evolving and involving center (*lava-center*). Let us also make thinkable, if not tangible, man's sphere of influence, the "atmosphere" he carries with him, that magnetic sphere that all feel who touch it and are consciously attracted or repelled. Dr. Sibley summarizes this and gives a beautiful illustration in his *Occult Sciences* as the "invisible perspiration", that vapory and invisible emanation containing in solution or suspension all essences or potencies of the man. This emanation, then, is definite in power, in density, in form, and in extent. Let us call it man's *personal atmosphere*. The physical body of man, then,

is *suspended* between this laya-center within and the "personal atmosphere" without; and here are the play and inter-play of forces, the evolution or out-flow of forces from center to environment, the involution from the universal fountain to the laya-center. At any moment of his life man is a focalized adjustment, a *suspended life*, between these inner forces and outer conditions. The laya-center is the seat of self-consciousness in man; the motor, the generator, the focalizer of his conscious life. The "personal atmosphere" is the field of differentiation, and it penetrates to the laya-center as the very warp of life, in which man weaves the pattern of his aims and ideals. These ideals are either personal or universal. The predominating currents are either concentric, drawing all things to itself (contractile), or they are excentric, emanations toward the universal (expansive). If the life currents expand, the field of consciousness grows, and the stream from the One Life expands and increases also. The laya-center becomes more and more a channel of the Infinite life, and the "personal atmosphere" expands and becomes more pure and more powerful. The individual approaches the universal; the finite pushes toward the infinite; the limitations of the personal expand toward the impersonal; the temporal approaches the eternal. But suppose the predominating currents are concentric, and, as Böhme calls them, "astringent and bitter", the personal atmosphere becomes more and more dense, like a stagnant pool; or, rather, malarious like a foul morass. Man thus contracts the laya center, shuts up the windows of his soul, and differentiates downward, becoming more and more driven toward and anchored upon the animal plane. He lives in his senses and appetites till they become cloyed and turn to bitterness and pain. The laya center becomes atrophied because it has failed to expand by use, failed to draw from the fountain and to pass on that healing stream. He has, thus burned out the oil in his lamp of life, and contracted the holy vessel, the divine *Upadhi*, till it no longer "reflects the light of the Logos." He has, in short, alienated his Higher Self, and at last cut the golden thread that united his self-consciousness with the Divine *Mahat*. The light of the Logos still shines on as before, but he has defaced the mirror that reflected it down into the planes and principles of his complex being. He has sought to stem the evolutionary wave, that all-compelling breath of Brahm; and seeking the line of greatest resistance, pitting his puny personality against the Universal, he is wrecked on the sea of time and quenches his light in darkness.

That which renders man's journey through matter, sense, and time so long and so painful is his vacillation, his indecision. His wavering will is that "Satan" that "goes to and fro". Seeking continually all for self, and yet unable to silence the divine "voice" that dwells within his laya-center, he continually "sins" against this "Holy Ghost", and as continually "re-

pents". Incarnation after incarnation he feeds on the dead-sea apples that turn at last to dust and ashes in his grasp. He tries every avenue of escape, knock at every door of the senses, seeking happiness that way. Unwilling to relax his hold, and trying to drag through the Golden Gates of eternal life the dead carcass of his desires, he at last either despairs or *determines*; and his final determination sets his life-currents squarely toward the eternal sea of life or toward the Stygean pool. He at last comes consciously to "the place where two ways meet", and signs the compact with his soul. It is either altruism or egotism; all for humanity, or all for self. If he inflicts pain without compunction, seeks his own desires at whatever cost to others, and thus stifles the cry of humanity, his brother's blood is upon his hands, and the *love of evil for its own evil sake* marks the last station at which he alienated his divinity and sacrificed his humanity. People have been lulled to sleep over the very fumes of this Stygean pool, by the theological juggling of vicarious atonement and the special favor or anger of a Jewish tribal deity that was made to depend, not on character, not on the altruism of Jesus, but on the orthodoxy of the Church, the judgments of men regarding intellectual belief. These intellectual and theological jugglers have oft inflicted torture without compunction, and sought power and aggrandizement at whatever cost to humanity; and they have thus glorified the apotheosis of selfishness. If one wishes to find the sum of all villainies, let him read the anathemas of the Pope promulgated against the Masons or the Spiritualists; and yet these ravings of diabolism are published in secular journals with only mild reproof! The orthodoxy of Protestantism has been no better than a timid duplicate of popery, till the masses repudiated the whole brood, only to deify selfishness in their own way and follow their several roads to destruction. Can any thing be further from the Sermon on the Mount and the altruism of Jesus? Religions thus degenerated become, not savers of souls, but as mill-stones around the necks of all humanity to drag them to destruction. And yet even some members of the T. S. are disposed to criticize that Brotherhood that have kept for ages the Secret Doctrine from such horrible degeneracy; criticized and condemned them because they do not follow the very lead of Constantine and the "Holy See". Had this Wisdom Religion once been lost and its last custodian departed, what power in the three worlds could have helped humanity? Century after century it is filtered into corrupted religions and intuitive souls from its unseen source, where, pure as the snows of the Himalayas, it dwells from age to age. It is voiced by every one who in sincerity and in truth preaches and practices Universal Brotherhood, for in that one principle is embodied all the "law and the prophets", the Keys of Knowledge, and the sign of power. Without this, there will never be within the T. S. a "school of magic or a hall of occultism", over which a Master will preside. With it, honestly held and

intelligently applied, all wisdom, truth, and power will follow. If we see one given over to cruelty, regardless of the rights of others, hypnotizing another soul into imbecility and nonentity for fame or gain to self, we may justly conclude that he is nearing the gates of destruction, and when he delights in torture, knows no mercy, and loves evil for its own sake, he has alienated the divinity which could strive no longer within the temple altogether defiled. Vivisection and hypnotism are the newest and surest roads to this horrible consummation, for their inspiring motive is the demon of CRUELTY.

HARIJ.

"IS THEOSOPHY A PESSIMISTIC PHILOSOPHY?

I shall not discuss the question as to whether Buddhism is a pessimistic philosophy, but simply say that Theosophy is not Buddhism, neither is it any other particular religion, but the truth underlying all religions.

In answer to the question, "Is Theosophy a pessimistic philosophy," I say *no*.

Consulting the dictionaries, I find the substance of the definitions of pessimism to be (a) "Pessimism is the doctrine that this world is the worst possible." (b) Pessimism holds that the universe sprang from nothingness and is tending toward nothingness, which it may ultimately reach; this doctrine being associated with the feeling that existence is an evil. (c) "Pessimism is a tendency to look on the dark side of life and exaggerate its evils."

(a) The worst conceivable world would be one that is continually *growing worse*. Theosophy does not look upon our earth as such a world, but as a stage in the evolution of a part of the Universe, an evolution which tends ever to something higher and better, though not in a straight line but a spiral; that is, a cyclic evolution progressing through alternate periods of activity and rest, and on each renewal of activity after rest proceeding toward perfection onward from the point last attained. There is nothing of true progress lost during rest that has been previously gained during evolutionary activity. That cannot justly be called a pessimistic philosophy which teaches that things are growing better instead of worse.

(b) Theosophy does not hold that the universe sprang from nothingness, or that it is tending toward nothingness. Neither does it count existence an evil. Theosophy teaches that the Universe sprang from One Absolute and Eternal Reality, Spirit, one of whose aspects is Substance, whose lowest manifestation is matter.

While the limitations of Spirit by matter bring about what we call evil,

still these limitations are necessary for the individualization of spirit. The experiences which come through these limitations, the temptations, the struggles, the failures and the triumphs, all have their part in the development of the individual soul. These are necessary to the attainment of virtue, the growth of a strong, heroic, purified soul. The antagonism of evil is essential to the manifestation of good. We need to know darkness to thoroughly appreciate the light. The soul loses nothing that it has gained through its experiences, but carries its spoils with it. So Theosophy does not consider existence an evil, but an essential condition to the attainment of the highest good.

(c) Theosophy is not "a tendency to look on the dark side of life and exaggerate its evils", for it teaches the reign of justice. It holds that each individual has his own destiny in his own hands, that his present is the result of his past, and that his future will be what he makes it, that he reaps what he sows. This is the law of Karma. Hence no Theosophist has any reason to complain of either fate, Providence, or the law of heredity; for he has inherited according to his deserts, being drawn by a law of attraction to that parentage, that home and those conditions, for which his past lives have fitted him. So, instead of complaining, he has simply to sow the seed of good, and a harvest of good will follow; but as all humanity is linked together, he must help to lift the race in order to lift himself.

BANDUSIA WAKEFIELD.

INVISIBLE WINGS:

A SKETCH.

I.

That peculiar stillness which pervades a house in spring when first emptied of winter occupations reigns within the Manse, and overflowing through the open windows seems to rest upon the world without. The late afternoon sunshine falls through a bow-window into a room which still retains the warm colors of winter furnishings. The broad flecked band of yellow light travels slowly across the floor, embracing the brightness of a knot of half-knitted crewels lying quite over the edge of a small work-basket; and creeping over the brown cover of a book which rests with open leaves, face downward, upon a low stool pushed half within the curve of the window, melts into a mellow fellowship with the shadowy angles of the room.

The Herr Professor detects, by some subtle sense, that in spite of the stillness the non-occupation of the room is but recent. As he takes in the place and its influence at a glance, there is more than usual that air of

mystery and removal from things of common interest about him which has led Miss Volumnia to declare him enough to "freeze one's blood". However that may be, the eyes which have mainly been instrumental in reducing her life currents to that state of congelation—eyes dark to the verge of blackness, but deeply blue—now looking the room over, lead their possessor to cross the floor; to lift and wind the tangled crewels; to take up the needle, impale the ball, and deposit both in the basket. And this with the air of offering knightly service to some invisible presence. Approaching the window he raises a hand to intercept the too broad Western light, and scanning the lawn, the gravel walk, then the edges of the near sketch of trees, he calls, in a voice uncommonly deep, yet smooth with a certain rich tenderness, "Margarite".

No answer. He turns again into the room, and sinking his still almost emaciated person into the cushions of a chair, lifts the book from the stool.

"Zanoni", he says, and falls into an idle notice of the contents.

Mrs. Armitage, passing the door, sees the evident comfort of the semi-invalid and goes on her way, putting him off her mind to take thereon some matters of the early Tea.

Had the Herr Van Earnst possessed the power of sending his magnetic glances over distance, he would have seen, before fixing his eyes upon the open page of Margarite's late reading, that she is loitering homeward from the opposite point of the compass to his look from the window, and that she has the company of Paul. Did Van Earnst confess, even to himself, the indefinable unrest into which Paul Wingate's very frequent presence at the Manse threw him? Types of seemingly opposite phases of civilization, the two men might have been born on different planets, so unlike are their characteristics and temperaments. Van Earnst possessing that well-conserved nerve-force and largeness of front brain which indicates a nature strong, but ideal to the verge of mysticism—a nature fine and sensitive, but dominated by a will as subtle and unyielding as Damascus steel. The other having that fresh alertness and easy comradeship with the common affairs of life which indexes a disposition toward thorough enjoyment of the surface pleasures of the world. A certain freedom of bearing and brightness of manner puts him quite in contrast to Van Earnst's philosophical gravity, and at this moment, as Paul and Margarite emerge from the long shadows of the shrubbery into the full but now almost level light upon the lawn, she is the recipient of his gayest and happiest attentions.

An observer would have turned at once to regard Margarite. Her whole presence seems instinct with life,—a well expended vitality, but so nicely balanced as to give an idea of quick, sympathetic changes under even chance conditions. She seems, in the motions of her lithe figure and the swiftly shifting lights and shadows of feeling which come and go upon the

features, to be a part of some hidden riches of life and beauty, which eludes the understanding almost in the moment of revealing itself. As she walks, she seems bearing along with her presence all the varied influences of the spring evening, and wrapped about with the warm airs and full life running riot under the blue heavens.

The look of dreamy speculation which drapes the features of Van Earnst as he reads on within, changes to one of confused discontent upon catching sight of the two figures approaching across the grass. But there is much to appease his dissatisfaction in Margarite's manner as soon as she raises her eyes to the window. Leaving Paul to follow, she comes quickly within to Van Earnst, saying:

"You are down! How well you seem! But you are alone. Where is the dear Mutterling?" Still using toward him the considerate, slightly-caressing manner which has grown upon them all by reason of his late illness.

"Not alone, as you see", sweeping his hand across the book. "Is it yours or Paul's? But I need not ask that about Paul the humorous, I think."

"Mine," she says. Then turning to Paul who comes into the room more leisurely, "Prepare to defend yourself, Sir Laggard, from a deserved thrust. The Herr Professor doubts your appreciation of mystical subtleties."

"So he may, if he does not doubt my common sense," says Paul. "But if that book, which Herr Van Earnst holds outside his front finger, be a fair showing for the Mystics, I should say they would blink and stumble in walking abroad in the light of this century. 'Tis a kind of thing that is blown,—well blown out, in fact; defunct; and buried, along with witchcraft, too deep to come up again."

"How he caps the whole vast field with the broad extinguisher of common sense! What remains?" says Margarite, pushing the stool a trifle nearer Van Earnst and seating herself upon it.

"Surely," ventures Paul, "it cannot be thought in seriousness that the fossil superstitions of dead ages can ever again come out of the corners to which science has consigned them."

"It is easy," says Margarite, "to give the name of superstition to things that are unknown. Surely the old Mystics and their modern followers made honest search into phenomena which still remain as mysterious as ever."

"From what limbo can you resurrect a philosophy which grew only in the be-fogged brains of the Magicians: where are the *facts*? That's the test," says Paul, smiling.

"Their Philosophy must have grown from some truth to have lived at all", she ventures.

"Flights of over wrought fancy," he responds with a large manner,

and, moving, leans against the facing of the window. Van Earnst also moves in his chair, bringing his face towards both Paul and Margarite, and making an angle of the positions of the three.

"Has the Master no interest?" asks Margarite, looking up at Van Earnst.

"I will give you the thought of one of those same Mystics," he says, coming out of a seeming indifference. "A total falsehood is an impossibility. The finest imagination is, in essence, the nearest approach to an actual truth."

"Thanks," from Margarite.

"Mr. Wingate," he continues, "mistakes, perhaps, the vanity of some modern writers who seem to know the philosophy of the Mystics, but truly know it not, for the ground work of fact which alone made, and makes now, magical practices possible. Your Englishman," touching the book," "is lost in a labyrinth. He misses the golden thread which would guide to truth." Then, after a moment, "Truth is not apt to dwell long in corners."

"I hadn't a thought of running a tilt, I assure you," says Paul, flushing. "But, Sir, can any modern seriously entertain such notions as the reality of under-worlds, organization of imponderable elements, and the rest of it?"

"'The rest of it' remains a very wide expanse," Van Earnst answers gravely. "When one thinks of matter as only phenomena, as the body and expression of an unseen cause, the invisible becomes the real. Sensation knows only phenomena. Body is the phenomenon called matter. In the realms of the imponderables, then, are to be sought the basic principles, the primal stuff, of things."

"About organization?" asks Margarite, as he stops with the manner of having quite finished.

"No effect," he resumes, "can go beyond the cause. As there is organization in the phenomena of life called ponderable matter, there must be a far more facile power in the imponderables. *Will* is the organizing force, and matter, seen and unseen, the material in which it works. Could you see a projection of your *will* upon some point of space in the room, who can say that you would not see, also, the invisible elements crystalizing about it in forms of your own choice?"

Van Earnst moves with a movement of Margarite's, still keeping the angle of their position. She knows that his eyes, which glow through the gathering twilight, are bent upon her. She raises her own and receives into them the long, fixed intentness of his gaze. She feels a quick conflict of purpose to stay, then to fly from his look. Though but a moment, it seems a long experience before her lessening uncertainty and gathering powerlessness are relieved by the entrance of Miss Volumnia, followed by a servant bearing the Tea things.

Affecting an air of gallantry and solicitude, Paul comes forward with "Oh! Miss Volumnia, do you remember the archaic eye-glasses exhumed from the depths of the garden, and which you decided after due tests to be very superior indeed?"

"I have lost them. And have searched the shops in vain for others so good," responds Miss Volumnia, with an accent of irreparable loss.

"Be comforted. Behold I bring you sight!" he says, presenting her the glasses with an air.

"You found them!" exclaims Miss Volumnia, releasing her hold upon a cup and saucer to adjust the glasses to her eyes. "Indeed this is comfortable. I see perfectly. See, Margarite! See, Mr. Van Earnst!", delighted by the very visible plumpness of the hand which she holds in front of her eyes.

"Perhaps, my dear Miss Reid," says Paul with signs of withheld laughter all over his face, "perhaps they can be farther improved. Just add a trifle more of clearness to them by a little polish."

Withdrawing a silk handkerchief of varied plaids from the reticule at her side, Miss Volumnia proceeds to apply the soft folds to the supposed surface of the glass. Discovering, as her fingers meet upon the silk, that she holds only the rusty setting for a pair of glasses, she looks at Paul with a mixed expression of surprise and vexation, in which is visible the conviction that she beholds in him a compound of very great wickedness.

"Indeed, Miss Volumnia," he manages to say through his laughter, "the glasses were never there. At least, not since they fell into the hands of this generation. Let me hasten to assure you of the uselessness of such an aid to one so far from age as yourself. One so attractive—in fact, one so full of personal charms that you may yet—." Both Miss Volumnia's hands fly into the air, like white birds, in interruption. Her lace cap-strings tremble with dread, communicated from the fluttering of her heart, that the cloistered reserve of that citadel is about to be violated by a mention of the tender passion.

"Oh don't, Mr. Wingate! don't! don't! you are enough to—to—freeze one's blood."

II.

A night of natural and dreamless sleep has not served to rid Margarite of the spell under which Van Earnst's gaze has thrown her. On the contrary, the strange, persistent influence has gathered strength with the freshness of a new morning.

A vague, disturbed delight, dimly prophetic of equally vague events, possessed her first waking thoughts, to follow her through the day. Over and around all occupations, innumerable threads of unusual influence net her, weaving and interweaving about her in perplexed intricacy. Any

effort of her will to face these indefinable impressions seems to open to her sight an immeasurable space, filled with tumultuous shadows, down the intricate shiftings of which an unwavering line of light comes to fasten upon herself. As often as she traces this line to its source, it ends in a vision of the steady gaze of Van Earnst's eyes.

She encounters the real eyes but once during the day, and then a door opens wide through them, and a bewildering impression of suddenly becoming the center of vast stretches of distance comes over her. Side by side in her mind with this weird condition is the belief that to bring these strange images to a well-ordered use needs only a power which she can compel at any moment.

The sun leans westward, then dips below the world, drawing after him the close web of light which by day intercepts the messenger of the stars.'

Paul will be in the village until late. The evening is soft enough to allow the semi-invalid to linger out of doors; which pleasure he seems inclined to prolong as far as possible. He walks and returns over the garden path amid the fresh odors of newly-leafing plants.

The twilight lingers outside, though it rapidly darkens within, where Margarite sits withdrawn a little distance from the low window.

With head resting on the back of her chair, and eyes closed, seemingly passive in body and mind, the veins upon her temples yet pulse in unison with the moods of the last twenty-four hours.

Van Earnst in his walk passes and re-passes the window. He knows that she is there. He notes the pose of her figure; the fold of her dress upon the floor; the turn of her head upon the chair; the whiteness of her hand, a piece of chiseling upon her dark dress.

Paul lingers too late perhaps. Night fills the room. Still Van Earnst walks without, and Margarite remains in her dream. The darkness folds itself about her, tucking her in.

Suddenly a touch, too delicate to be more than an intimation of contact, falls upon the hand lying upon her dress. She moves it languidly, dreaming on. Again a touch, and this time across her face, as if a wing stirred the air close about her. Knowing herself to be alone, she allows a smile at the tricks of the wind. In a moment, without other warning, a soft warmth falls upon her cheek as if small hands sought wanderingly in the dark. Instinctively she throws out both her own, closing them over tiny shoulders inconceivably soft and warm. Passing her hand rapidly over the small, palpitating orm, her senses reel to find a downy wing pendant from each shoulder. Pressing the warm, fluttering creature to her side, though confused and bewildered, it is but the work of a moment to cross the floor and turn a full light upon the room. Oh, carnival of unreality! within the curve of her arm she sees nothing but the downward

sweep of her dress and the figures woven upon the carpet, yet touches a warm, quivering form, and hears low breathing. The confusion of her mind becoming too great for self-control, she weeps in frightened bewilderment. Her tears falling upon the mysterious creature, combined with her continued hold upon it, seem to cause it pain. It moves uneasily in her clasp.

"Mother," she calls in her fright. Yes! some one comes! and Paul enters, bringing with him the world of sanity and common sense.

"Paul! Paul! what is this that I hold in my arm?" she cries.

"Nothing, clearly," he answers, in a fresh tone, "though I miss the point of the conundrum."

Then seeing the pain in her face, he comes rapidly to her, saying.

"You are in distress, Margarite; what is it?"

"Touch and speak quickly," she appeals.

Puzzled, he passes his hand over the space in the curve of her arm, and a bewilderment equal to her own instantly takes hold upon him.

"Great Heavens! what is it?", he says.

The remnant of her self-control would have deserted her on hearing confirmation in Paul's words, but the restless tossing of the little creature diverts her feeling into the channel of compassion. It seems to moan, and its movements are unlike its first soft freedom.

"We have hurt it. Why are we afraid of so helpless a thing?", and crossing the room she lays it gently amidst the cushions of the lounge. At this moment Van Earnst comes from without, stepping into the room through the low window. Margarite flies to him. Drawing him to the lounge, she presses his hand down upon the cushions.

"Poor little visitor! you have used him roughly," he says without any surprise. Both listeners fail to notice the peculiar quiet in his voice.

The shifting indentations upon the lounge again arouse all Margarite's compassion. She kneels upon the floor and bends her head in listening. After a time there is stillness, and she lays her hand lightly upon the cushion. It is there, but seeming to melt from under her touch. She feels an eager wish to detain the rapidly-fading form.

Paul and Van Earnst stand gravely regarding her hand, curved slightly over a gradually lessening space, until it rests at last only on the lounge.

Instantly, without other question, she raises her eyes to Van Earnst. Again that thread of light across immeasurable space! Again the conviction that power itself can be compelled!

She rises to her feet, fronting him. A smile of exquisite fineness and depth plays over his features. His lips move, and Margarite hears—

"Conceptions can be projected upon consciousness as reality. Will is organizing power."

AUSTIN ARNOLD.

Annie Besant

Mrs. Annie Besant.

The excellent portrait of Mrs. Besant given by the Path this month, preparatory to her presence in the Annual Convention of the American Section and her public lectures, should be accompanied with some adequate sketch of her life, but the matter therefor arrived too late for insertion. Her name, however, is familiar to England and America as the intrepid expounder of advanced thought in the politico-economical and social spheres, and of doctrines which, whether they receive one's assent or not, are informed with the highest spirit of purity, beneficence, and love of human freedom. Becoming more and more widely known as a writer and lecturer thereon, she has thrilled countless audiences with her eloquence and inspired them with her motive. Finding Materialism inadequate as explanation of fact or as food for the soul, she frankly abandoned it with the same fearless honesty as when she abandoned orthodoxy, and accepted Theosophy as the only system which directly grapples with, overcomes, and dissects the problems of life. Becoming a devoted Theosophist and co-editor of *Lucifer* with Madame Blavatsky, pen and voice have been as fully consecrated to the work for humanity in this as in other fields, and the beauty of the former is now to be supplemented in America by the beauty of the latter. Her brief visit of a few weeks only admits of 3 lectures in New York, one in Washington, one in Brooklyn, and one or two in Boston, but it may be that this will prove only her first. As one of the foremost women of the time, their admitted Chief in oratory, as a type of all that is sweet and pure and gentle and loveable in womanhood, as an heroic champion of human rights, and as the associate of the leading Theosophist of the world, American Theosophists are privileged in welcoming her to their country, seeing her face, and hearing the voice which has charmed and thrilled so many thousands in Great Britain.

Karma.

The Law of Karma, or Action, is one of the chief teachings of oriental philosophy. It is stated to be a universal Law, having its root or basis in the outbreathing (action) and inbreathing (re-action) of the Bráhm, the Great Breath or Unseen Mover, from whose motion in matter (substance) all things are evolved.

There is one thing which we may predicate of Action; that is, Re-action. This fact indicates the method of Karma. Karmic Law manifests on or in various planes of life, and differs with that plane wherein it acts.

Newton expressed one mode of Karma upon the physical plane when he formulated his first law of Motion ; viz. "Action and Reaction are equal and opposite in direction." Physiologists and psychologists tell us that this rule holds good in Emotion, and in nervous action and reaction also. The Western bible expresses Karma for the moral plane when it says : "Be not deceived ; God is not mocked. What ye have sown, that shall ye reap." This ethical causation, this moral reaction, this conservation and intercorrelation of mental, moral, and psychic energy, is also Karma.

We can imagine that, when a man does a selfish deed or thinks a selfish thought, it goes forth into the swift and subtle ætheric world as a specific vibration, colored, so to say, with his mental and moral coloring, bearing his stamp, as it were, in that vibratory ratio which is his own. We can fancy it issuing, a tireless energy, into that æther which powerfully responds to the tremor of a thought, and thus affecting, modern Science tells us, the far stars with its dynamic palpitation. On the confines of a system this energy must return, and it does thus react, naturally along the line of least resistance, to the sphere or base from which it emerged and which powerfully attracts it, bringing with it all that it has gathered to itself in the course of that long journey, and taking effect in manifold ways upon the doer, the creator, to whom it has returned. Nor is this return always made in the same brief human life. Hence we have Reincarnation as the companion or extension of Karma. The soul is drawn back to earth life again and again by the return or re-awakening of its dormant energies, self-engendered and responsive to material planes of being. The one Substance, Akasa, Mulaprakriti, Æther—call it as you will—that from which all things are evolved, is, by virtue of its atomic constitution and magnetic laws, the great Agent of Karma. Through it, all things and beings, in it immersed and by it saturated, become the minor instruments of the Law.

Karma is, in fact, Action and Reaction, as we have said. All that is, has been, or will be done occurs by virtue of this Law of Cause and Effect ; all Action is the result of previous Action. Its justice is perfect, its equilibrium unshaken. It provides that all things shall return to their source. Amid myriad tangential causes its delicate adjustments and readjustments are unerring, because every action has its due balance and effect.

Imagine the reverse of the case above stated, and conceive an unselfish man, acting only from a sense of duty, and in accord with the progressive tendency of evolutionary Law. As by its light he sees that mankind are one and inseparable, his acts will have no personal coloring. They create no specific self-condensed and contrary currents or discords in the ætheric medium, but pass out into the harmonious ocean of life about us, in waves as universal as its own. Bearing no personal impress, they have no cause

to return to his sphere, which then pulsates with the surrounding harmony and broadens into the eternal.

Some persons say that Karma is "cruel", because it "punishes those who do evil without knowing of this Karmic Law". But Karma does not punish. That is incorrect and slovenly speech. How can Action punish? Action reacts; that is all. A selfish action cannot react as a good one, any more than an apple seed can bring forth a fig tree. We must expect to receive back our action in kind. When the unconscious child puts its hand into the fire, we do not say fire is cruel because it burns the child. We recognise here the action of a Law of the physical plane. We respect it as such. But Karma is equally a Law of many planes, and cannot be bribed or bought off any more than fire can be so dissuaded. The burnt adult suffers more than the child, for his imagination enters into the matter. So he who knowingly does a selfish deed, defying Karma, suffers, in its reaction, upon moral and mental planes; whereas he who has done evil in ignorance of Karma, probably has only the lower forms of reaction to bear.

All action is Karma and causes new Karma. Deeds of men and of nations; social conditions; mental limitations, joy, sorrow, life, death, health, disease, rapture and pain; all are the effects of previous action, whether of individual men, of nations, or of races. We bear our part in national Karma, and suffer, as units of that nation, for deeds not committed by our individual selves. But Karma—our past actions—brought us into that place and nation, and to such consequences, while also in Devachan there is compensation for the individual for such trials as he has not merited in his single individual capacity.

We hear talk of "interfering with Karma", but this is absurd, impossible. If to one is awarded penance or suffering, to another it may be given to relieve that suffering. It may be your Karma to be menaced by dire consequences, and mine to avert those consequences. Suffering, too, is one means of the soul's expansion and advance, so that it may be "good" Karma, while a place amid earthly ease and immunity from sorrow is often contractive and disastrous to the soul. More disastrous still is that repression of sympathy and help when chilled by the reasoning faculties, which forbid us to "suffer with all that lives". We cannot swerve Karmic Law. It may be retarded, but returns with compound interest.

The Law is divine. We do not make it. We only set in motion causes which this pre-existent Law of Action and Reaction returns to us as effects. We engender these causes, and, in regard to them, we exercise free will, at least until the innumerable causes, reacting, stultify that will.

In action alone is the registration of all deeds and thoughts: their impress upon the One Substance constitutes the true book of Judgment. Thus Karma is the only rightful Judge. It alone can fitly punish and re-

ward, for in it alone is full discernment. As true Love consists in perfect Justice, *impartial to all alike*, so is this Law one of universal Love. It alone impels the soul, through experience of the misery of Self, to expansion into the Selfless and the Universal.

Yet there is one escape from Karma. That is, by Becoming it. Duty done for its own sake, regardless of results (for Duty alone is ours; the consequences are in the Great Brahm), acting or refraining from action because it is right to do so, we do thus, by our inward devotion, become one with that Law obeyed by us. No longer its unconscious instruments, we are its conscious agents, parts of itself, hearers and doers of its first great injunction.

"Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an action in a deadly sin."[1]

J. CAMPBELL VERPLANCK, F. T. S.

THE MASTER OF COMPASSION.

"[He] who [renounces] bliss [which is to] forget eternal duty for self, to help on man's salvation." Voice of the Silence.

He on whose shoulders falls this robe,
No more of Self shall know;
All unperceived of man and earth,
He shall through Kalpas go;
Unknown, unheeded, disbelieved,
While ages ebb and flow.

No pause for rest, no thought of bliss,
Nor taste of heavenly joy;
Unceasing toil, unceasing pain,
Woe, woe without alloy
Must recompense that stainless one
For all his sad employ.

The biting wind, the cruel frost,
The blasts of fiendish hate;
The heartbreak of a wretched world,
The cruelties of Fate;
The salt, salt tears of Sorrow's sea
For the Unselfish wait.

The Guardian Wall by such is built,
With hearts instead of stones,
By blood and tortures made secure;
Impelled by human groans,
These saintly ones for us forego
All bliss while Mis'ry moans.

ELLIOTT B. PAGE.

BHAKTI—DEVOTED FAITH.

A high grade Chela sent the following to his Guru through a messenger:

"Tell the madman that men have become unsettled,"
"Tell the madman that the food no longer finds a market,"
"Tell the madman that there is no unsettled state in practice,"
"Tell the madman that this has been told by one mad."

1 Voice of the Silence.

The Guru smiled mournfully and hung down his head in silence. Shortly after the above the Guru suddenly disappeared, and the Chela died a few months after.

That Guru was Sree Krishna Chaitanya, the Founder of the present Vaishnava Sect in Bengal. His object was to found a Spiritual Brotherhood of Humanity irrespective of caste or creed. At a time when caste rules were more rigidly observed than now, when Hindus and Musalmans were at eternal feuds with each other, when the different religious sects of Hindus hated each other bitterly and when terrible Tantric rites led men to offer human victims at the altar of our Deities, Chaitanya and his followers sowed the seed of peace and good-will to all men on earth, disregarded all caste rules, and admitted even Musalmans in their fraternity on terms of perfect equality.

This highly intelligent and learned Brahmin, Chaitanya, left home, shunned every comfort, and becoming a voluntary exile at an early age devoted the rest of his life to the spiritual welfare of Humanity. His humility, his sweet behavior, his wonderful self-sacrifice, his devotion to the cause, and his kindness to all were beyond all praise. While his learning made a deep impression on all he came in contact with, he disarmed the pangs of defeat in a religious discussion by his humility and sweetness.

He lived a strict celibate life after leaving home, and was very stern in that respect to his disciples.

The philosophy he taught to his disciples about cosmic evolution bears a close resemblance to the Secret Doctrine, while the Society or Fraternity he tried to establish on earth may be said to be an improved model of the T. S., the main point of difference being that his society was based on Bhakti, Faith or Devotion, while ours is on that of Gnanam or knowledge.

But what is Bhakti? It is the inexpressible yearning of the soul for the Supreme Intelligence, it is the twin-sister of Gnanam, the Path of Humility, Love, and Devotion. Bhakti lies latent in every man, but is rendered inactive mainly by our selfishness and pride. Its first glimmering in us is what is called in Bhagavad Geeta Satwikee Sraddha (Geeta xvii, 2). The delight of a devotee, the faithfulness of a servant to his master, the mother's love for her child, sincere friendship or sexual love, are all manifestations (in many cases through Kama) of the same spiritual faculty lying latent in us—Bhakti.

All our efforts for spiritual advancement have one common name, *Yoga*, or more properly *Sadhana*. Sadhana is of three kinds, viz: Gnanam knowledge, Yoga proper, and Bhakti. To a Gnanee or one that knows, THAT appears as Brahm (the Universe pervading Principle), to a Yogi Atma (our Higher Self) is THAT, to a Bhakta, Bhagavan (the Lord of all Powers, they being divided into *six* classes) is THAT. It therefore depends on the fitness of the individual to choose any one of the three courses or

divisions of effort. The preliminary training, however, appears in many respects common to all the three, viz., strict vegetarianism, a life of celibacy, purity of thought, word, and deed, and devotion to the spirit.

Berhampore, Bengal, India. K. P. MUKHERJI.

WHAT YE GIVE YE SHALL HAVE.

The following letter was read at a meeting of the Aryan T. S., of New York. I can certify to the truth of the writer's statements in every particular.—W. Q. J.

TO MR. WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, Pres't Aryan T. S.

Dear Sir:

You are necessarily a busy man, overrun with questions and letters from all parts of the Union. But I venture to ask your views on this point of practical theosophy.

What rule ought to be laid down respecting the contributions of theosophists to theosophic or charitable objects?

In a conversation which I once had in New York with a member of your Aryan branch, he told me that after taking out of his salary, which was not a large one, enough to keep himself and wife plainly but comfortably, he gave the whole of what was left to the cause of humanity. His theory was that all the money he had earned he had a right to, it was his; and if he gave away part of it from love for his fellowman, he held that the money was still his and would one day come back to him. This, he claimed, was an occult law, which was expressed in that well-known biblical text, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again". His experience, he explained, justified him in saying that this statement was strictly and literally true. Every dollar he had thus given away had been repaid, not simply in the satisfaction felt at having done his duty in this matter, but in hard cash and with liberal interest.

I am not sure how far it is wise to speak of one's own personal affairs in public; but suppressing completely my name and personality, I have thought it might perhaps stimulate the members of your branch, if not theosophists generally, to a more liberal giving if I add that my experience thus far corroborates my friend's belief touching the workings of this occult law. Every cent given by me for theosophic and kindred purposes has been like so much bread cast upon the waters; indeed, the more I have given the greater has been the return. To particularize.

Eighteen months ago my salary was increased, without any solicitation

of mine, fifteen dollars per week. I did not particularly need the increase, although it would have been very convenient in meeting storekeepers' bills and other family expenses. But by strict economy I could get on without the increase, and so I made up my mind to give it all away. Ten dollars per week were therefore laid aside for strictly theosophic uses, and five dollars have been regularly sent to help along the family of an old schoolmate who fell off a load of hay, hurt his spine, and will be a cripple for life. Of course this was done as a simple matter of duty, and without any desire or expectation of personal gain. Now for the sequel.

A month ago a gentleman called upon me and handed me a check in my favor for $500. This was promptly declined, on the ground that I had done nothing to earn it.

"Are you not a member of such a body?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied.

"And haven't you attended certain meetings and done such and such work?"

"Certainly, but what has all that to do with the check? The position was entirely honorary."

"There you mistake", was the reply. "Nothing was said to you about it at the time of your appointment; but there is really a salary attached to the place, and this is the first instalment of it. Will you take it? It is perfectly right and proper, and you are fully entitled to it."

I took the check and with it paid off a debt of equal amount—money which I had borrowed to help a friend. Since then a second instalment of $500 has been received, and the account, commercially speaking, now at the close of the year stands as follows:

Contributions to theosophic and charitable objects, 18 months at $40 per month	$720.
Cash received unexpectedly	1,000.
Surplus, receipts over payments	$280.

Now, I know nothing of the law in question. I only state a few plain facts in my own experience. But they will serve, I hope, to excuse the question raised at the head of this long letter, and may incidentally direct the attention of members of your New York branch of the Society to the profit as well as the duty of liberality in giving.

Yours in the faith,

THEOPHILUS.

Literary Notes.

On the Heights of Himalay, by A Van Der Naillen. Regarded as a narrative, this story is preposterous. That a Roman Catholic Bishop should be made an Adept and then return to his ecclesiastical functions is in each respect not short of ludicrous, clearly showing that the author has no knowledge of either mode of life. Regarded as a portrayal of initiations, it is hardly less so. Adepts never become such in one incarnation; they are never initiated until after long probations and ample tests as Chelas: and they probably do not chat with the "Grand Master" during the ceremony. The instructions recounted from the initiations are lucid, logical, and (except that evolution and involution are confused) largely true statements of facts in Nature; but they are of elementary truths known not merely to Chelas but to outsiders, else how could the author know them?

The book has the great merit of a devout and God-fearing spirit, ever true to conscience, pure, bent on duty, and trustful in the Supreme. Its aim seems to have been the excitation of interest in the highest truths through their association with phenomena, and to lead men past the magic mirror and self-hypnotization stage up to that of self-consecration. But this is always most perilous, for thirst for "powers" is more easily excited than thirst for spirituality, and is apt to stop at that point. The assertions in this book, whether true or not, will probably lead not a few readers to attempt going out in their astral bodies through an hypnotic experiment, and thus foment practices which medical science insists lead to insanity, and which Theosophy warns against as eminently dangerous and delusive. Those who have "powers" and know all about them tell us most distinctly that ambition for powers is one form of selfishness, *and that the powers will not come till that ambition, like all other forms of selfishness, is lost in unselfish love for truth.* Why cannot people see this? The book is fairly well-written, has some descriptive merit, and evidences the spreading interest in Occult themes; and, as Theosophy has to pass through the era of phenomena and psychism, is less objectionable, because intelligent and devout, than the unmitigated rubbish of *A Phenomenal Identity*. But it is objectionable still.

Theosophical Siftings, Vol. III., No. 18, contains two papers. "On the Treatment of Criminals and Lunatics" is very excellent in its second part, and has a volume of truth in the one sentence, "No reform which is to be permanently good can begin with the world of effects, to which the transitory veil of the flesh belongs". The first part is not so good, because, while stating admirably many facts and truths, and most sensibly insisting that our penal systems are wretchedly defective, its logic trips up in one or two

places, it uses the spook argument against capital punishment, it does not seem fully to realize the *right* which peaceable, honest citizens have to repression of ruffians, and it censures the present system without proposing a substitute. "From Flesh-eating to Fruit-eating" is the most temperate and rational treatment of this topic we have ever encountered, and gives judicious steps to the change. [A. F.]

February Lucifer may not as a whole be very readable, but it gives us the second parts of "The Babel of Modern Thought" and "Theosophy and its Evidences." In the former, Madame Blavatsky suspends for a moment the direct thought and explains *en passant* the character and purpose of *The Secret Doctrine*, frankly admitting its great defect of bewildering discursiveness, but showing what was intended and what was not intended by its publication. She shows, moreover, that the word "revelation" means exactly the reverse of "disclosure", and she gives a rational interpretation to the literally-absurd story in Genesis of the Tower of Babel. Mrs. Besant demonstrates the existence and requisitions of the ancient "Mysteries", and argues the improbability of the extinction of their truths, citing doctrines and symbols to prove the basic unity of all religions and their common origin, then giving the lines of examination by which conviction as to Theosophy may be reached. *Lucifer* publishes a very frank and manly letter from Mr. Henry T. Patterson upon Mrs. Besant's article, "The Theosophical Society and H. P. B.", and H. P. B. in the same frank and manly way approves it. All three parties appear at their very best in the affair, and the T. S. may well be proud of them. Upon the following sentence (p. 468) repeated and protracted pondering seems to be fruitless: "Sound is spiritually objective to Light (as motion), while on the physical plane motion is objective to sound, for it takes from it its meaning or *raison d' etre*. [A. F.]

Unity publishes a strong sermon by the Rev. C. F. Bradley of Quincy, Ill., arguing the need for and the fact of Reincarnation!

February Theosophist is varied, interesting, juicy, and palatable. Col. Olcott has a curious paper explaining certain occurrences as from elementals, and telling of their classes and powers. Mr. Fawcett's "Comte and the Metaphysicians" is not only learned and powerful, but marked by all his delicious choice of words and all his felicitous metaphor. Then come a copious and discriminating review of Dr. Le Plongeon's *Sacred Mysteries among the Mayas and Quiches*, and a vigorous etching by Bertram Keightley of "The Future of the Indian Section". "A Toda Cremation" is vivid and full except as to the cremation itself, and "Obeah" gives so many singular details that its promised continuance is joyous. A very full report on Indian work is made by the Gen. Secretary. [A. F.]

The J. W. Lovell Co. have issued Mr. Sinnett's novel *Karma* in cloth at 75 cents, and "Clothed with the Sun" in paper at 50 cents.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS, by Isaac Taylor, M. A., LLD (*The Humboldt Pub. Co., New York, 1891, cloth, 190 pp.*) This account of the prehistoric ethnology and civilization of Europe does not pretend to set forth new views, but is a summary of the work of many scholars and a digest of the literature upon the subject, presenting in a condensed form statements of ascertained facts. The author claims that his speculation as to the relations of the Iberians and the Basques is new. In the opening chapter the claim so often made that identity of language proves identity of race is disputed on the ground that there are many examples exactly to the contrary, as, for instance, the fact that the negroes of the south speak the same tongue as the men of the extreme east of the United States. A good deal of space is devoted to carrying this out on the theory that sometimes races impose their language upon conquered races. But, for all that, we are disposed to agree with Max Muller that the English soldier has a similar origin to the Hindu whom he terrorizes. Languages may be seen to be divided into great classes, and it is possible that science will come some day to see that with blood very often goes a language. The book is well gotten up, contains many illustrations of skulls, and will be of use; but, for all that, the origin of the Aryans seems as far off as ever from solution.

THE HISTORY OF THE PARSEES, by Dosabhai Framji Karaka, C. S. I. This interesting book in two volumes was printed by Macmillan and Co. of London in 1884, and through the kindness of Mr. Rustomji K. Modi has been presented to us. It will interest those who wish to know about the Parsees by one of the same race.

CASARTELLI'S PHILOSOPHY OF THE MAZDAYASNIAN RELIGION UNDER THE SASSANIDS has also been presented by Mr. Modi. The translation is by Firoz Jamaspji Dastur Jamasp Asa (Bombay, Jehangir B. Karani, Parsee Bazaar, 1889) Some excellent notes are added by the translator to correct errors, as Casartelli, being a Catholic priest, had the strange delusion that the Mazdayasnian religion is indebted to Judaism and Christianity for all that is good in it. This, however, is not strange when we consider that the Church once declared that Buddhism was copied from Christianity with the aid of the devil for the purpose of creating confusion. A remarkable similarity between this religion and the ideas of those who teach the secret doctrine is apparent. For want of space we must refer readers to an excellent review of the work in the February number of *Lucifer*.

A MR. PODSON having incautiously exhumed Mr. Richard Hodgson's "*exposé*" of Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Annie Besant quietly appeared upon the scene, swept up poor Mr. Hodgson's remains, and dumped him into the ash-barrel. It is always mortifying to a young man to be made a public laughing-stock, particularly by a woman, and it could hardly

be pleasant for any one to have his inexperience and credulity genially exhibited to two continents. But poor Mr. Hodgson has the additional humiliation of not only having the Hindoos who bamboozled him make disrespectful and unseemly mirth behind his back, but of seeing the English first smile at his "Report" and then crowd the meetings of the Blavatsky Lodge. This is hard indeed. And the worst of it is that poor Mr. Hodgson will not always remain young, even if he remains gullible, and may perhaps for many years be the butt of "investigators" and the unintentional advertiser of Theosophical literature. Fancy the English (and American) public saying, as does Mrs. Besant "I read it carefully (the Report) with a prejudice against Madame Blavatsky in my mind, and at the end tossed it aside as worthless!" As Madame Blavatsky becomes ever more and more known, so too will poor Mr. Hodgson, and, like the luckless bob to a kite, be trailed to an eminence far less comfortable than original obscurity. And yet there is no help for it. Our youthful blunders, especially if in print, cling to us in riper years, and Nemesis, such as Mrs. Besant in *Time*, appears at intervals and covers us with confusion, 3000 miles of flight being of no avail. Alas! Alas!

[Copies of the London *Time* containing Mrs. Besant's article on poor Mr. Hodgson are on sale at the PATH office for 30 cents.]

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD, OR THE GREAT CONSUMMATION, by Sir Edwin Arnold. (*1891, Funk and Wagnalls, New York, paper 50 cts. p. p. 286.*) The Introduction by R. H. Stoddard, with some very bad grammar in its last paragraphs, is an attempt to excuse Sir Edwin for having written the *Light of Asia*. Mr. Stoddard thinks that the subject of this book is of higher significance than the other and comes more closely home to the bosoms of men, in which conclusion we and the few hundred millions who follow the Buddha to this day cannot agree. But it is easy to excuse the Western mind, which, wrapped in the conceit of its own progress and wealth, ignores the beliefs and the history of the larger part of the human family. The poem is beautifully written, as could not help but be the case, yet it fails to reach the high standard of the *Light of Asia*. Revolving round the central figure, who is an ex-lewd woman, still possessor of the gains of her abandoned trade, it ends with a false declaration that "peace deep as the sleep of the sea, and love which is sunlight and peace, will come from and increase through the mission of Jesus," while Jesus himself prophetically said that he came to bring not peace but a sword. The beauty of the poem will commend it to many, and the student of the *Light of Asia* can easily pick out paragraphs and phrases from that first work as well as from old Indian scriptures. The title is but an alteration of that of the other, and we believe it is the other that the author really loves. What appears like a strange mistake is in describing the old Hindu sage as full of wonder on hearing about the feats of magic performed by Jesus, as such feats are believed in by almost every Hindu. The impression left by the book is that, although extremely well done, it is a "pot boiler".

Tea Table Talk.

"Opal" was a guest at the Tea Table, and told us the following tale. "A curious incident occurred to me recently. I left my room, on the highest floor of the hotel, to go down stairs. I touched the elevator bell, and then, while waiting for the elevator to ascend, I walked down a corridor to a window to see the fast-fading sunset. Returning, my course was a straight diagonal (if a diagonal line can be called straight) to the door of the elevator. The corridor was very dusky and the gas not yet lighted. I was rushing somewhat precipitately towards the door, when my progress was checked by the sight of a gentleman standing immediately in front of the door. I naturally supposed it a boarder in the house, who had approached from the other side while I had been momentarily absent exploring the sunset, and did not notice him particularly till—suddenly, as the elevator came up, lighted, I saw to my horror that the elevator door had been left open, and that *no man was standing there!* Had I not been checked in a rather heedless progress by the sight of the man, I should almost inevitably have plunged into the elevator well, a depth of 100 or more feet. The apparition saved me. I did not recognize the form, save that it was a man and not a woman."

The Professor gave it as his opinion that this warning form was the inner self of Opal, or a messenger of that self, in which opinion some of us concurred. Others thought it might have been a picture of some person who had stood there at another time, said picture in the astral light being made visible by the heightened vibration of her inner self on feeling a sense of danger as yet unrecognized by her brain consciousness. At such moments the magnetic body becomes agitated, vibrates in unison with the astral plane, and a consciousness of that plane is temporarily induced. Thus, by the action of nerve auric forces, the picture was seen and served as a warning.

Some of us began guying the Professor good humoredly upon his being what one lady called a "demi-semi-occultist," when he was, at the same time, a scientist of good standing. He bore our attacks imperturbably while he sipped his tea. Urged to reply, he said, stroking his beard, "My friends, it would ill become a *modest* man like myself—" (soft cries of "Hear! Hear!" and applause)—"to be more exclusive, more careful of evidence, than is Professor Tyndall, yet hear what he writes: 'All our philosophy, all our science, and all our art—all are the potential fires of the sun. What are the core and essence of this hypothesis (evolution)? Strip it naked, and you stand face to face with the notion that, not alone the more ignoble forms of animalcular and animal life; not alone the exquisite and wonderful mechanism of the human body; but that the human mind itself, emotion, intellect will, and all their phenomena were once latent in a fiery cloud.' That sounds to me much like some talk I have heard in this room about 'the flames', the 'fiery breaths', and other occult agents."

We assured our friend that the jury acquitted him without leaving the room. "But, Professor," said one of the ladies, "tell me this. Why do we so often

see students of theosophy, honest workers in its ranks, persons of high aspiration, even, breaking down physically ?"

"Permit me to answer you by telling a little tale," he replied. The ladies murmured assent, and a very small person climbed with alacrity upon his knee, where she deftly balanced her dainty person, after preening her plumes. He looked down upon her with a kindly smile.

"Little one," said he, "a stream ran furiously down for many miles and grew into a river from many tributary accessions until it pressed hard upon its banks The bank requested it to go a little slowly, but the river said : 'I am full of energy now ; I have come very far, and, though so full of energy I am tired, and you press upon me, and I'll overflow and run all over the country. I cannot stand it, and just now that young river rushed into me.'

'Why !' said the bank, 'you do not reflect that there is another way to do what you ought to do.'

'What is it ? I can't imagine.'

'Are you not rolling on the bed you have ?'

'Yes ; what of it ?'

'Why, my dear river, just crowd down in that bed, and you will soon get deep, you will not overflow, and you will not crowd me in the dangerous way you now do.'

'Well, well ! I never thought of that. Let me see.' A great change then came. The river seemed to lie down under its weight of water, and grew still for awhile, and the lower lands had less water. But soon there came a time when a long stretch of river was very deep, though very still, and then much water, running large mills, flowed out at the end of the place where the river took the bank's advice and stayed awhile, resting in its bed and making a deeper place."

"Then you mean, Professor— ?"

"That if students who begin to feel the great pressure and flow of the higher forces from within outward would consider the body, the banks bound to contain those forces temporarily in order that these may have use and manifestation among men, they would lie calmly back upon the inner nature, doing sufficient work in quiet wisdom and storing all surplus of force, until the bed of the stream grew deeper and could do more work from that deep plane, while less draught was made upon the physical frame. It is not all who need to do this ; on the contrary, there are many who do not give their emotional aspiration sufficient expression through bodily action and work in this cause. Some of them say they would do so, if only they could feel that they were helped."

"Unlike those who grumble at not being 'helped,'" said J. the Student, "I think there is more danger of our being 'helped' too much than too little. Machines break from over speeding, not from being run too slowly—save in exceptional cases."

"Yet how difficult it is," said E., "to analyze our feeling with regard to action and result of action. We shall never be able to avoid contrary consequences growing out of actions done even from the purest motives, because

of the Karma with which these actions may be bound up, and which affect others. While I admit that Pity is a virtue, and good for discipline, it becomes a weakness when it overpowers Love. To do anything of consequence at all, we must be aggressive, and aggressiveness entails wide-spread consequences; but there is the *Motive* which saves both the doer and the consequences. Our own *power* is measured by the great or small effect of our actions; hence the greater the good and the evil resulting therefrom, the greater the power to lift or redeem the evil. The pure motive springs from the highest plane, and by the time it comes down to our present consciousness (ignorance), it is tinged with enough dross to distort it out of recognition; therefore, owing to our limitations, we cannot avoid doing wrong; *i. e.*, right tinged with wrong. Therefore 'let there be peace in you, and faith too;' we cannot be perfect, but we can help one another to become better."

It seems to me that I had never heard the teachings of the *Bhagavad Gita* more fully assimilated, or more clearly and practically put into words—as they are also in deeds.

A small person, named heretofore in this chat, but who shall to-day (owing to the somewhat painful nature of the revelation) be nameless, gave recently a quaint illustration of the fact that theosophists "cannot be perfect".

A——(ahem!)—the nameless person, had been naughty, so the dickie bird said. He's a shocking gossip, the dickie bird, you know. So the culprit was left in seclusion and, presumptively, to sad repentance. But presently my lady, with whom anger is ever a flash in the pan, comes tripping along, her usual smiles all beaming in her eyes. 'Mamma," says she, "you know there is'nt ever *anybody* that's always good, except God. *Even those theosophicals*, they can't *always* be good. For they're only men, after all, you know." Where A——had ever heard of the theosophists no one knows, but her ingenious promptitude to screen her faults behind the deity and his perfection was quite worthy of her quick intuitions. One day she asserted something concerning her "Pillakatuka". Said some one present;—"You mean your *spirit*." "No; I don't, "answered A. quickly," my spirit is in my heart."

Impossible, at four years, to be more of a philosopher. And just consider the time and energy wasted by most parents in confining and restraining these true, childish intuitions. "The pity of it, Iago; the pity of it!"

JULIUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The most salient point of interest in the past month's proceedings here has been the addition of a new building to our "Headquarters". The house next door, a larger one if anything than that which we at present occupy, has been taken, and already nearly every one of its rooms has been let to prominent members of the Society. The British Section has given up its centre in Duke street, Adelphi, and has engaged a large double room on the ground floor as reading room and library; this opens into a con-

servatory which will serve as a smoking room. The new house is at present in the hands of the painters and builders, but will be ready in a month or so. When fully occupied, we shall have some twenty people residing at Headquarters: in itself this is a sort of colony, but some far-seeing and ambitious persons are throwing out dark hints about a certain house across the road, just now unoccupied.

The "H. P. B. Press" is going ahead tremendously under the able direction of Mr. Jas. M. Pryse. We have now two compositors employed all day, and there does not seem to be any possible lack of work: indeed, many an order has had to be refused.

A new lodge has been formed at Amsterdam. This is mainly the outcome of the exertions of Mme. de Neufville, one of our hardest workers. The lodge already boasts of nearly 30 members.

The Dublin lodge is about to form a Headquarters for Ireland! About ten of the more prominent F. T. S. have arranged to live and work together, thus mutually assisting one another in their labors and putting Theosophy on a more solid basis in the country.

We now boast of a lodge at Bradford, in Yorkshire. Its members are all well known in the Theosophical world, and the branch will doubtless prove one of our most important centres.

The T. P. S. has just published a glossary of the terms used in the *Key*. This is an abridgement of the larger one, now being proof-read, and which will be issued in another month or two at the latest.

I am sorry to say that Madame Blavatsky has not been by any means so well this last month. C. F. W.

London, Feb. 28th, 1891.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT.

From this date the old title, "Theosophical Activities" will be discontinued—although the invention of the PATH, and we hope to have the use of the new title for at least a year without poaching.

AMERICA.

DR. A. KEIGHTLEY'S TOUR.

Dr. Archibald Keightley arrived from Australia at San Francisco, Feb. 15, and after a short interval of rest at Santa Barbara began a theosophical tour of the Pacific coast, delivering public lectures, meeting the members of the many T.S. Branches, and holding private meetings. He delivered his first lecture at S. F. Mar. 1st, under the auspices of Golden Gate Lodge, at Red Men's Hall, to an audience that packed the Hall, aisles, and ante-

room. Many were turned away, unable to secure standing room even. The subject for the evening was "Is Theosophy a Religion", and Dr. Keightley in an able and masterly manner treated the subject at once clearly and satisfactorily. All classes were represented, and the close attention shown throughout, and the questions put by the audience established beyond doubt that the lecturer had struck a kindred note in the hearts of his hearers.

Monday, March 2nd, Dr. Keightley met the growing branch at Alameda, and in the evening held a private meeting at S. F.

Tuesday, March 3nd, he left for Santa Cruz, where he delivered two public lectures, met the Branch, and also held a private meeting. Cordiality and enthusiasm prevailed.

Thursday, March 5th, he left Santa Cruz for Gilroy, where he met with a most cordial and hearty reception by both public attendance on two lectures and local theosophists.

Saturday, March 7th, he returned to S. F. and a reception was tendered him by Golden Gate and Aurora Branches.

Sunday, March 8th, Dr. Keightley delivered a public lecture, "The Attitude of Theosophy", in Oakland at 2 P.M., which was largely attended, and in the evening lectured again at S. F. to an overflowing house on "Theosophical Concepts of Life and Death". After each lecture questions were put by the audience, and great interest was evinced. The daily papers contained long reports of interviews and lectures, and altogether S. F. and vicinity have received a decided theosophic impulse through the efforts of our Bro. Archibald Keightley.

Monday, March 9th, Dr. Keightley was in attendance at the T.S. headquarters receiving callers, etc. In the evening a public reception was given, largely attended by the general public. The Dr. was particularly happy on this occasion, and he has endeared himself to all who have had the pleasure of meeting him by his gracious and kindly manner, and his patience under the fire of volleys of questions ranging from the absolute to an atom.

Tuesday, March 10th, he left S. F. for Stockton, where he will remain a few days and then depart for Los Angeles and San Diego.

Later he goes north to Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma. Invitations of the most cordial character have poured in upon Dr. Keightley from all the centers on the coast, and it is perfectly safe to say that most welcome receptions await him at all points, and that he will prove himself equal to all occasions. Dr. Keightley expects to start east to attend the convention at Boston, about April 18.

ALLEN GRIFFITHS.

THREE ZEALOUS THEOSOPHISTS of Rochelle, Ill., Rev. W. H. Hoisington, Mrs. L. H. Hoisington, and Mr. M. L. Ettinger, have been widely distributing a one-page leaflet containing a singularly condensed and felicitous statement of the reasons for examining into Theosophy. It concludes with a request for transference to others if the reader is uninterested, or for a communication to the writers if he is. The merit of the leaflet and the merit of the missionary effort rival each other. Happy the Society which evokes such!

HERMES COUNCIL T. S. of Baltimore arranged for a series of 6 free public lectures in March by Mrs. Annie Wolf of Philadelphia, the subjects being Practical Ethics of Theosophy, Karma, Re-incarnation, Buddhism and Theosophy, Practical Soul Culture, and On Wings of Fire.

CHICAGO T. S. has arranged for public lectures and readings on the Saturday evenings in March and April in Liberty Hall, 68 Adams street, the topics being Reincarnation, Cause, Is the Desire to Live Selfish?, Theosophy and Religion, The Real and the Unreal, Christian Theosophy and Buddhist Philosophy, Devachan and Nirvana, and The Tatwas and Vibrations. Discussion has place at the close of each.

THE PRESS-TIMES of Seattle, Washington Terr., gave two columns on Mar. 9th to an interview with Mr. Frank I. Blodgett, President of the Seattle T. S., expounding Theosophical doctrines and aims. It further stated that a meeting of the Branch is held every Sunday afternoon, and that public interest is constantly on the increase.

INDIA.

THE BOMBAY THEOSOPHISTS have reprinted Mrs. Besant's *Lucifer* article on "The Theosophical Society and H. P. B."

JUST AS COL. OLCOTT was about to sail for Australia, a deputation of Burmese Buddhists came to Adyar to entreat his return with them to Burmah. A great revival of Buddhism has occurred in the country, over 23,000 rupees having been given for the purpose of sending a mission to Europe. Col. Olcott absolutely refused to head this mission unless he could first affect the co-operation of all the great Buddhist natives, but he finally, at great self-sacrifice and loss of rest, agreed to go to Burmah, and left Madras on Jan 17th. After two and a half weeks in Burmah he left for Madras and Colombo, and sailed for Brisbane, March 2nd. In Australia he hopes to settle some matters relating to property bequeathed to the T. S. by a Mr. Karl Hartmann, and to give an impetus to Theosophical interest in that country, where there are now about 70 scattered members.

THE COUNCIL OF BUDDHIST HIGH PRIESTS convened to meet Col. Olcott in Burmah numbered 23. He had prepared a draft embodying in 14 propositions the fundamentals of Buddhist doctrine the world over, and every one of these was accepted without amendment, all the priests signing the document. This is the first attempt ever made to unite all Buddhist nations on a common platform of belief and work. Ceylon comes next, and then the others. Surely such efforts after peace and fraternity deserve the sympathy of all good men.

PRASNOTTARA is the Indian T. S. *Forum*. Built on the model of the American pamphlet and conducted by Bro. Bertram Keightley, we hail its appearance in the arena. No doubt it will often contain matter peculiarly Indian and strange to us, but none the less useful. The first number deals with several interesting questions including such Karma as that which falls in blocks, as it were, such as floods or great disasters. But it needs further elucidation, and the suggestion that planetary influences decide these occurrences will not solve the question, first because such "influences" relate to

small, if to great, events, and second, because the planets are not causes but only indicators, in the same way as the hands of the clock are indicators of the flight of time. *Prasnottara* will give our American members a view of the workings of the Hindu theosophist's mind in a way that only the Socratic method can accomplish.

EUROPE.

SPAIN. That ceaseless worker, Bro. F. Montolin, has translated *Esoteric Buddhism* into Spanish and arranged for its publication by a prominent firm dealing largely also with Spanish America, so that its sale is assured. He has also translated *Isis Unveiled*, but its great expense postpones its appearance. Bro. Montolin purposes translations also of articles in the PATH by Jasper Niemand and others, and of *Echoes from the Orient*, and has generously sent many leaflets to sympathizers in California, Salvador, and elsewhere for distribution, besides founding a semi-monthly Theosophical journal in Barcelona. Bro. Xifre has translated *The Key to Theosophy*, and it will be issued next winter. The astonishing work done by the little group of but *three* Theosophists in Madrid may well shame the inactive elsewhere.

NOTICES.

I.

Branch Paper No. 13, *Theosophy in its Practical Application to Daily Life*, read by A. Fullerton before the Aryan T. S., was mailed on March 2nd to all the Secretaries save one.

Forum for March, No. 21, was mailed on March 10th to members-at-large and Branches in good standing.

II.

A new edition of Mrs. Annie Besant's *Why I became a Theosophist* has just been issued from the PATH office. Price, as heretofore, 10 cts., post-paid.

The second edition of *The Key to Theosophy* has been greatly delayed and has not yet arrived from London. Orders will be filled as soon thereafter as the binding can be completed.

III.

Copies of Mrs. Besant's portrait, the same as in this issue, are for sale by the PATH for 25c.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF 1891.

The Convention will meet in Boston on Sunday, April 26th, at Steinert Hall, Tremont and Boylston Sts., at 10 A. M. At 12.30 a recess till 2 will have place, and at 5.30 another till 8. The evening will be used for papers, discussions, and an address from Mrs. Besant.

On Monday the 27th, the sessions will be the same, but in Tremont Temple, and the evening will be devoted to a lecture by Mrs. Besant, free to F. T. S., a charge being made for tickets to others.

Plans for the future need not be made, for if every present duty is performed all plans will be made by nature.—*Tibetan Verse.*

OM.